



BAYLEY'S



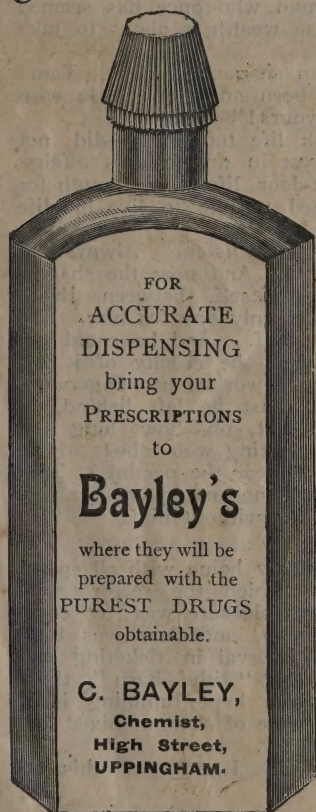
Shoppers' Monthly,

January, 1930.

WINTER MALADIES

**How to PREVENT
and CURE THEM**

see interior—middle pages.



Too much importance cannot be attached to the
PURITY and QUALITY
of the ingredients

which enter into the composition of Medicine.

The Physicians' instructions too should at all times be faithfully and accurately carried out.

Bayley's DRUGS

are guaranteed

**British Pharmacopeia standard for
Strength and Purity.**

In order to see that accuracy in dispensing is observed, repeated testing of the preparation of Prescriptions at BAYLEYS has been made, and in all cases the accuracy and care with which Medicines are dispensed has been upheld. Customers can at all times rely on obtaining their medicines promptly and accurately prepared at BAYLEYS with the purest and best ingredients obtainable.

The Old Desk

By E. EVERETT-GREEN.

"IF it had only been five hundred instead of two, sweetheart, it would have made all the difference in the world to us!"

"Oh, Tom, dear, it seems so sad for you! Brought up as a rich man's heir, and then this fearful smash! Is it certain that everything is gone? Two hundred! It's not believable, Tom, dear!"

The square, bronzed face looked a little grim. Courage shone in the clear dark blue eyes, but it was courage of a kind that sees dark days ahead, and a tough struggle before victory can be won.

"It's the ultimatum of the lawyers. I went up yesterday to hear it. Everything's been paid up. Nobody is a penny the worse for the smash except myself. There'll be two hundred to hand over to me after the creditors have been satisfied. But I was hoping it might have been a thousand. Even five hundred would have been just enough."

"For what, Tom?" Ann's sweet face was glowing; all this meant so much to her. Had not Tom told her—just six months ago—that he loved her; that she was the one woman in all the world for him? She, the governess at the Rectory, and he, the son and only child of a prosperous landowner, who was said to be making a big fortune on the Stock Exchange; a public school and college man, with all the good things of life at his feet. It had seemed too wonderful to be true. And now . . . ? Her hazel eyes smiled bravely through the gathering tears as she put the question, and he gave it grave answer.

"Five hundred would have enabled me to take up a share in that Canadian farm which an old chum of mine is working. He wants a partner, but he must have a few hundreds to put into it, and five is the minimum. If I'd had that, we'd have got married, Ann, and gone out together. Women are badly wanted on the farms, and though I know it's rather a hard life, yet

"I should just love it, Tom—with you! I've always been used to work. You know my little story—a poor squire's daughter, when everything was going down, and the dear old home mortgaged up to the hilt. When Dad died everything was sold up, and I went out to be a governess. But I'd always loved out-door life. I used to keep the poultry, and I could milk cows and even groom a horse."

She looked so sweet and dainty, yet withal so brave and full of courage, that

Tom could not forbear to take her in his strong arms, and for a moment she lay there absolutely happy and content.

"You would be the pluckiest little wife for a pioneer farmer, my darling. But I shall have to go out alone now, and make my way as I can. Hitchins may give me a job, and show me the ropes; but I can't offer myself as partner yet. Ann, will you wait till I can send for you? Will you be tired of waiting if it should be rather a long time?"

"I'll wait for you to my life's end, Tom!" she answered. "There will never be anybody else in my life, only you—only you." Her voice faltered for a moment, and then took up the words again. "Were you not kind to me, did you not take care that I should not be left out of things, that I should have a good time, when nobody else ever thought of the little Rectory governess?"

"And now you have stood by me, been my friend and consoler, all through these dark days, when I had nobody else, and some good folks were looking half askance at me, as they do at a man who once has seemed wealthy, and whose wealth is about to take wings."

"It's a shame, a shame, a shame, Tom! As though it had been anything to do with you—any fault of yours!"

"Perhaps I took life too easily—did not take enough interest in my father's affairs. Sport and an out-door life were enough for me, and he seemed to like to live his life alone."

But she would not listen. Always her idol had done right. And now the shadow of parting thrust itself between them. Colonial life was the only one for him. She recognised that herself. And he could not take her. That was the cruelty of it all. She, who would have worked her fingers to the bone for him, must be left behind, to follow by-and-by; but, oh, how long and dreary the time of waiting would be! How would she be able to bear the parting? Tom had become the sunshine and joy of her life. What would it be like without him?

* * *

But she had to hurry home with all speed. The jumble sale in which the rector's wife took such pride and pleasure was to come off the next afternoon, and Ann was busy the whole of that interval in ticketing and arranging in the big "tithe barn" those odds and ends which kept tumbling in to the very last, and were of such a mixed and heterogeneous character.

"What price shall I put on this old



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desk?" she asked, holding it up for inspection. "That old thing? Oh, put two shillings on it; but let it go for eighteenpence if it hangs."

Ann secretly resolved that this desk should become her property. It reminded her of one which her father used to sit at. And when Tom was gone she would have so many letters to write to him, and so many letters—alas!—as time went on from him to cherish. The old desk had an excellent lock, and was inlaid with many coloured woods, though the inlay was broken and the desk corners damaged. Four - and - twenty hours later that desk stood on a little table in Ann's own room under the eaves, and she regarded it with pride and pleasure as she polished it up and appraised its value.

It was as she was subjecting it to various polishing processes and shaking the accumulations of dust from its interior that she thought she heard something rattle inside, and yet the desk was empty. She shook it again—again there seemed to issue from its interior a little clinking sound.

Sudden excitement seized upon Ann. With quick eyes and sensitive finger tips she examined her purchase afresh. Surely—ah, surely, there was an unaccounted for space under the pen tray. A secret cavity of some kind lay there, and probably opened by a spring.

Excitement possessed the girl and lent nimbleness to her wits. She had lived amongst ancient furniture in her youth. She knew something of sliding panels and drawers which opened upon the pressure of a spring. She explored every crevice of the old desk.

Click! Success at last! A small drawer sprang open and revealed to view a number of small packages wrapped in dust-stained



She looked so sweet and dainty, yet brave and full of courage

and frayed paper, yellow with age. It looked as though the contents of this secret drawer had not been overhauled for a generation.

Ann crossed the attic room and locked her door. With flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes she returned to the table and drew forth the drawer. She turned it over and heard a metallic clink as the little packets fell out. With trembling fingers she undid them, gazing at their contents.

Each and all contained gold coins, some of them very large and heavy; many of them curiously shaped and of strange device. The girl's heart throbbed and hammered and her breath came fast. In her childhood she had stayed in the house of a collector of coins, and had heard something of their value—of the fabulous prices (in her estimation) which some of the rarer ones fetched at the hammer.

Suddenly she pounced upon one and eagerly examined it.

"A gold Wulfric I do believe! Oh, what did they say about that? There are only just a few left in existence, and the British

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Museum has one. Oh, what a find! I believe they would fetch hundreds! Enough to take Tom and me to Canada and set us up in that farm! Oh, what must I do? Are they mine, or are they not? Shall I take them up to Christie's and see what they say to them? I believe—oh, I believe that it would make just all the difference in our life."

The girl rose and paced up and down the room. Her brain was on fire; her heart was beating furiously.

"I bought the desk—it is mine! Nobody could say differently. Whoever sent it knew nothing about this. Probably it has changed hands dozens of times since those old coins were stowed away there! Why should not I have them? I don't know where the desk came from. I can't give them back. I bought them honestly."

Then something seemed to clutch at her throat.

Honestly! Would Tom call it honest if ever he were to find out what had happened? And if she sold the coins and brought him the money they would fetch, of course she would have to tell him all. And what would he say? Half that night Ann lay awake tossing and turning trying to convince herself that the coins were hers, yet always feeling a horrid fear of some unknown shame or reproach tugging at her heart-strings.

She had locked away the coins in her own box beneath the bed. Heavy-eyed and pale, she descended to breakfast with the old desk under her arm. The rector's wife thought she had been overdoing herself in respect or the successful jumble; but they had cleared thirty pounds for the organ fund, and that was the great thing.

"I shall give you a holiday to-day, Ann; you look as if you needed it. Is that your purchase? Really, we might have asked another shilling for it, I think! How nice you have made it look! The Squire would scarcely know it again."

"Do you know who sent it, then?" asked Ann.

She had brought it down to ask this question, scarcely realising how great was her hope that the Rector's wife, who drew into her jumble-net goods from a wide and miscellaneous area, would not be able to answer it.

"Oh, yes, that came from Mr. Darbyshire, who lives at Ford End. Not a very amiable or liberal man, and as his land lies in two parishes, and he goes to church at Ford End, he's not as liberal on this side as he might be. But he always sends odds and ends to our jumble sales. His poor wife was quite a friend of mine, but she died five years ago, and there are no children, so the old man is very lonely—and rather bad-tempered as well."

* * *

Ann took her way through the lanes

towards Ford End with a fire in her heart and a battle still raging within her. Her feet seemed to be carrying her thither almost without her own volition. The heavy little packet in her bag which she held against her seemed to press upon her heart, and set it beating furiously.

"Why should I give them up? Why don't I take them straight to town and to the British Museum to ask their value? What should I say to account for having them? Why, that I found them quite recently and unexpectedly in an old family desk! What easier? And afterwards—to Tom?" Ah, there was the rub—and Ann knew it. How to keep a secret from Tom! How to account for that old family desk! At the Rectory they all knew about the Squire's old desk—her purchase! Oh, what would Tom think if ever he discovered that she had been fibbing to him—even to get those few hundred pounds which would make all the difference to him?

And so the fire burned, and the battle waged, and her feet carried her towards the old Manor House of Ford End, which she had never approached till to-day, and where dwelt a cross-grained old man, who would just take over the coins with a snort, and perhaps scarcely thank her for their restoration, and so the episode would be closed.

Ann felt her throat swell, and the tears rise to her eyes. Of course it would end like that, and she would have lost Tom's only chance, and would always carry about with her the knowledge that if she had done differently—perhaps—

Suddenly Ann burst into tears. She was not given to this kind of ebullition of feeling; but she was overwrought, wearied out in mind and body, and had passed an almost sleepless night. She sank down in a leafy dell, just off the roadway to the Manor House, and wept like a lost child, quite oblivious to all outward impressions, so that she heard no footsteps rustling through the fallen leaves, and the first thing which roused her was the damp nose of a retriever dog thrust with sympathetic inquiry into her face.

The girl leaped to her feet, and blushed furiously as she sought to get rid of the tell-tale tears from her cheeks. A tall old man with a gun under his arm and gaiters on his legs, was standing staring at her.

"What is the matter, my dear?" he asked, for Ann, with ruffled hair and tear-flushed cheeks, and short little Viyella frock, looked very young indeed, and the old man's rather harsh face softened visibly at sight of her distress.

"Oh, Mr. Darbyshire, I was just coming to see you!" she began hastily, whereupon a grim smile showed itself upon his face.

"Oh, that is the matter, is it, that you were coming to see me! Did you think I

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was going to eat you when you came, like little Red Riding Hood's wolf?"

She tried to smile, but it was a wan effort.

"I was coming on business," she said, "but I can say what I came to say here if you will listen."

"I generally transact business in the house, if you don't mind walking that far," he answered; and in five minutes time Ann found herself seated in a book-lined library, face to face with the old Squire, who was attentively regarding her.

"Yesterday at the jumble sale I bought an old desk you had sent. I gave two shillings for it. I was cleaning it up last night when I heard a sort of rattle. By and by I found a secret drawer. In the drawer there were a lot of gold coins wrapped up. I'm almost sure some of them are very valuable. So I've brought them to you."

She pulled the packet from her bag; she unwrapped the coins one by one and laid them before him, each in its own frayed and yellow paper. The Squire regarded them in silence, his face betraying neither the exultation of the connoisseur nor the greed of the miser.

His first question was quite unexpected.

"Why were you crying?"

Ann flushed to the roots of her hair. She looked at the old face watching her—and out came the truth in one rapid burst of absolute frankness.

When a shy girl's barriers of reserve fall, an outflow of absolute candour is the result. She kept nothing back. Her own experience of poverty, Tom's chivalrous love, his sudden descent from affluence to penury, his brave facing of the future, the lack of those few hundred pounds which would enable them to share it together with such confidence. Then this sudden find and the awful temptation which had assailed her. And to all of this tale the old man listened in silence; though his face grew strangely soft—almost tender; yet this Ann could not see for the mist of tears which clouded her eyes.

"So that was why you cried: you felt you might be doing Tom out of the chance of his life?"

"And yet I knew that Tom would brush away my sophistries with one sweep of his arm, if I consulted him. I knew I had no right to keep the treasure-trove. But it was awfully hard to bring it back!"

"Well, my dear, you can leave it here for the present. But come back this day week, and bring Tom with you, and we will all have a talk together."

* * *

In that same room Tom and Ann stood, and the Squire looked at them from beneath the pent-house of his bushy brows. A very goodly young couple—the man so stalwart, big, and fearless, the girl so sweet and courageously devoted. The old eyes softened anew at sight of them.

"So you want to take that girl out to Canada, do you? Have either of you any idea of the hardships of that life for gently-reared girls?"

"I know, sir. It helps to salve the hurt of leaving her behind, as I must do for the present. I trust, however——"

"I am not afraid—I simply long to go!"

"Are you absolutely bent on emigration, young man? Is there nothing in the old country good enough for you?"

"It is not that sir; it is the difficulty of getting a berth."

"You say you looked after your father's property since you left college. Did you make it pay?"

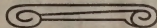
"I did. That's my hobby—to make land pay."

"Look here, my lad. I'm getting an old man, and I've no son to help me, and I've fought off having an agent so far. But I will give you the job, and five hundred a year and a house to make your nest in with that little girl! I've been making inquiries about the pair of you. I never was one for taking a leap in the dark. You can go and look at the house—it lies yonder, just beyond the larch wood—outside the inner ring fence. I'm lonely here. I'd like your company in the evening sometimes—a seat by your fire-side when I'm in the mood. Hey!—what's all this, what's all this?" For Ann had seized his hand and was covering it with her kisses and her tears. "Well, is it a bargain, my lad? Will you chuck the hardships of Canada and stick by the old country, eh?"

Tom had his other hand by this time. The young man's voice was husky as he tried to speak his gratitude.

"Now don't you go crying through my woods again, young lady," was the Squire's parting injunction, "for perhaps another time there won't be a maudlin old dog to comfort you or a silly old man to run into rash experiments for your benefit."

"I shall only cry for joy now, if I cry at all," spoke Ann, with her sweet face all aglow. "But, indeed, indeed, I don't think you will find the experiment a rash one. Tom is such a darling! And if it hadn't been that he was as good as gold and as straight as a die, perhaps I'd never have brought you back the treasure I found in your old desk!"



Graceful Evening Gowns

The Usefulness of Lace

IF anyone is hesitating what material to choose for a new evening gown, then let it be lace. Few materials are more practical, and at the same time smart. Lace has many virtues. It hangs in graceful folds, it never creases, and consequently a lace evening gown is a boon to the woman who travels a good deal, and it is quite hard-wearing. Therefore it makes a special appeal to the woman who must study economy. Lace can, of course, be dyed all hues of the rainbow, but it is happiest in black or in soft neutral tones of mist-grey or beige or biscuit, and it can be very handsome in cream. Very short and stout women should not choose a heavy, coarse lace, but if worn by a stately matron a heavy lace gown is often most distinguished-looking. If you want a dress that can be worn time after time, and yet look different on every occasion, invest in a black lace gown with several different slips. With the lace gown, which should be sleeveless, have a little coatee like the one in the sketch. At once your dress has two different appearances. Worn over a perfectly-fitting slip of black satin without the coatee, it is a dance frock; with the coatee it is suitable for bridge, dinner or the theatre. Have another slip of the palest pink Japshan and carry a pink fan and fasten a spray of malmaison carnations on the shoulder, and your dress has a



A Lace Dress with its Matching Coatee

more youthful and festive appearance, fit for any occasion. Change the pink slip for one of gold or silver tissue, don gold or silver slippers, fasten a sparkling paste ornament at your waist and another on your left shoulder, and your black lace dress now appears in another guise. If you like bright colours, royal blue or jade or scarlet is smart with black. Very becoming to some women are dresses made entirely in some soft shade. The dress and coatee shown here were made in a pretty pinky beige, and the coatee was lined with chiffon in exactly the same tone to give it extra warmth. A slip that fits perfectly is essential with a lace gown.

Longer Skirts and Higher Waists

Whatever we may think about longer skirts for our day-time dresses, it is certain that the longer skirts that are being worn now for evening wear are more than a passing fancy. The first long skirts were quite timid affairs. There was a hanging sash here, a little dip there, a transparent hem or some such device, but now evening dresses are made with skirts that are definitely and boldly longer, and so graceful and becoming are they, that even those who frowned on them at first have become firm followers of the newest fashion. Another decided feature of the new evening frocks is the higher waist. This is nearer the normal waist-line than it has been for years, and consequently the waist is narrower than we have been accustomed to see.

Pastries and Cakes for all Occasions

Make Something Fresh

EVERYONE grows tired, after a time, of the same kind of cakes and puddings and other dishes, and if there is but little variety in the food we serve, appetites are not tempted. If, however, we make it a practice to be always looking for new recipes and trying fresh dishes, our cookery will never be stuck in a groove, and it will meet with the approval of members of our family. The new dishes need not be elaborate to win praise; in fact, the simplest cakes and pastries, if well made, are always appreciated. In some parts of England it is usual to serve tarts and other pastries at tea-time. In other parts this custom is not followed. When, however, a substantial tea is required, and when it takes the form of a high tea, then pastries such as sausage rolls, jam puffs, Eccles cakes, etc., are always popular. These kinds of pastries are also useful for light lunches, suppers, children's school lunches, and similar occasions. Gingerbread, too, is a cake that children generally like, and it cuts up well for tea and eleven o'clock lunch.

Chocolate Tart

Melt 2 oz. grated chocolate in a small quantity of milk, and when smooth add the remainder of $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and 3 oz. sponge-cake crumbs. Simmer gently for ten minutes. Remove the pan from the fire, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, sweeten to taste and flavour with vanilla. Line a shallow tin with short-crust pastry, fill it with the chocolate mixture and place narrow strips of pastry in bars over the top. Bake in a good oven until the pastry is cooked and the mixture firm. Serve hot or cold.

Ham and Chicken Patties

Line some patty pans with puff paste, lay a crust of bread in each, put on the lid and brush over with well-beaten egg. Bake in a quick oven till delicately browned. Mince some cooked ham and cold chicken finely. Flavour with grated lemon rind, salt and cayenne. Put the mince into a saucepan, with enough gravy



to moisten it, squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over it, and make it hot. Then fill the patties with the mince, replace the lid, and serve immediately.

Orange Tartlets

Make the mixture for the tartlets first. Wash two oranges well and grate off some of the rind against four lumps of sugar; strain the orange juice, and beat two eggs well. Put these in a small pan, with two ounces of butter, the sugar, some sponge-sponge-cake crumbs the juice of half a lemon and a tablespoonful of orange marmalade, and stir over gentle heat until the mixture thickens; let cool a little. Meanwhile, make some short pastry, line some tartlet tins with it, fill them with the orange mixture and bake in a moderate oven until very lightly browned.

Currant Gingerbread

Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ginger together; add 2 oz. candied peel cut in thin shreds, and 4 oz. currants. Put $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. treacle into a pan and melt it slowly. Add it when lukewarm to the flour. Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful carbonate soda in $\frac{1}{2}$ gill milk, beat 2 eggs, then mix all together and stir well. Pour into a greased tin.



COMMON WINTER COMPLAINTS and How to Treat Them.

INFLUENZA. FOREMOST among the maladies which are most prevalent during the winter months is—
INFLUENZA: starting as an ordinary cold with running of the eyes and nose, it soon develops more serious symptoms, tickling at the back of the throat with persistent cough, headache, aching pains in the back and limbs, shivering and restlessness indicate abnormal temperature and when the Clinical Thermometer shows this to be anything upwards of 100° remedial treatment should be adopted without delay.

Compound Cinnamon Mixture

should be taken regularly every four hours and the patient should remain in bed in order to maintain equable warmth, to conserve the strength, and to prevent the more serious symptoms of Pneumonia and Bronchitis developing.

COMPOUND CINNAMON MIXTURE should be kept in every household ready to be taken on the first sign of Chill or Cold, the effect of a dose at bedtime is surprisingly beneficial. —:o:— PRICE 2/- PER BOTTLE.

WHOOPIING COUGH is another malady very prevalent during the winter period. At the onset the characteristic whoop frequently does not present itself but there is a constant irritating cough which cannot be controlled. When this symptom is observed great care should be taken that the sufferer is not exposed to the inclemency of the weather, especially if cold east wind is prevalent, children should be kept indoors in a warm but well ventilated room, or even in bed for 2 or 3 days if feverishness is present, diet should be light and nourishing, milk forming an important element in the feeding. In the early stage of Whooping Cough, the Cough Mixture which is specially prepared for Children may be given freely, to aid expectoration of Phlegm, and control the fits of coughing—the back and chest may be rubbed with TIMBROL night and morning and covered with flannel. When the characteristic whoop has developed BAYLEY'S—

Whooping Cough Specific

is the best remedy. It checks the germ, eases the cough, and hastens recovery.

Grapes, Oranges, in small quantities may be given at frequent intervals, and well sweetened Lemon Water is soothing and beneficial.

CHILDRENS COUGH MIXTURE is sold at 9d. & 1/6 per bottle.

WHOOPIING COUGH SPECIFIC, 1/3 & 2/6 per bottle.

WHOOPIING COUGH, being a highly infectious malady, children suffering from it should not attend School, or be allowed to mix with others until the symptoms have entirely disappeared, and convalescence is well established.

COMMON WINTER COMPLAINTS and How to Treat Them.

BACKACHE & KIDNEY TROUBLE.

TREATMENT.—Rub the loins with TIMBROL each night before going to bed, take one of BAYLEY'S BACK & KIDNEY PILLS 3 times a day after meals.

BACKACHE & KIDNEY PILLS, PRICE 1/3 PER BOX.

LUMBAGO. A most painful complaint brought on by exposure to damp and cold is more frequent and severe in winter weather. The pain generally comes on suddenly, is very acute and is greatly increased by bending, and straightening the back, or by turning in bed. The best treatment is to apply TIMBROL freely and thoroughly to the loins, and to take 2 SOLURAC TABLETS every four hours, these remedies promptly afford immense relief and quickly effect a perfect cure.

SCIATICA This excruciatingly painful malady is best treated by rubbing with TIMBROL and taking 2 SOLURAC TABLETS every four hours. This treatment quickly relieves the excruciating pain, and soon effects a cure. If there is Constipation it should be relieved by taking a couple of LAXATIVE LIVER TABLETS at bedtime, as a loaded intestine will, by pressing on the nerve, set up great pain and discomfort. —o:— TIMBROL, PRICE 1/3 PER BOTTLE.
SOLURAC TABLETS, 1/3 PER BOX.

RHEUMATISM causes the greatest amount of suffering and disablement, undermining the constitution and ruining the health. Rheumatism is the cause of more illness and loss of work than any other malady in the British Isles. TIMBROL and SOLURAC TABLETS CONQUER RHEUMATISM and strengthen the constitution. They are GUARANTEED to afford relief in all cases.

TIMBROL, PRICE 1/3 PER BOTTLE. SOLURAC TABLETS, 1/3 PER BOX.

CHILBLAINS can be cured and prevented by taking—CHILBLAIN TABLETS. These contain Lactate of Calcium which improves the tone and character of the blood, and by the application of CHILBLAIN LINIMENT the intense irritation is promptly relieved.

CHILBLAIN TABLETS, PRICE 9d., 1/3, and 2/- PER BOTTLE.

CHILBLAIN LINIMENT, PRICE 9d. and 1/3 PER BOTTLE.

Games to Play at a Party

Sparrows

IN this game you must first choose a player who will take the part of a cat, and another to be the mother sparrow. The rest of the players will be divided into little sparrows and trees.

The trees form a circle, and the sparrows flutter about inside the circle of trees with the mother bird. As they fly about they sing:—

In their nests the sparrows call,
Getting ready for the ball.
Chip, chip, chip! Chip, chip, chip!
That is the way the sparrows call.
When song and dance are over,
In the trees they go to bed.
Chip, chip, chip! Chip, chip, chip!
Among the leaves they
go to bed.

Then the mother sparrow sings:—

Meow! Meow! The
cat I see.
Come along, hide as
quick as can be.
Chip, chip, chip!
Chip, chip, chip!
We must hide as
quick as can be!

As she sings the last line, all the little sparrows run towards her, and then they fly to the trees, and the cat rushes in from outside the circle. If any of the sparrows are still running about and not standing still in front of a tree, they can be caught by the cat. The cat can also frighten a bird away from its tree, and while it is finding a nest in another tree it may be caught. The one who is caught first takes the place of the cat.

Animals

All the players, with the exception of one, who is the "leader," sit on chairs, the remaining player standing in front of them. They each choose the name of an animal, and the "leader" starts telling them a story about a farm and the animals on it. As soon as one of the players hears the name of an animal he or she is representing they must immediately stand up and make the sound peculiar to the animal. If they don't do so before the "leader" counts six they have to take his place. If the leader is clever he will introduce a lot of animal names in his story and repeat one or two several times soon after one another. In this way he is often able to catch one of the players "out."

How Many Miles to Derbyshire?

A large number of boys and girls can play this game. They must be divided into two sides of equal numbers. Then one from each side take hold of hands, and all the others form a circle. One side says: "How many miles to Derbyshire?" The other side: "Three score and ten." First side: "Can we get there by candlelight?" Second side: "Yes, and back again." First side: "Then open the gates and let us go." Second side: "Not without a bend and a bow." First side: "Here's the bend and here's the bow; open the gates and let us go." Then the first two make a bridge and all the others join hands and run under the bridge faster and faster until it gets to the last one, and he or she turns under the other's arm. The players who leave go stay out for the rest of the game.

AN ADVERTISEMENT GAME

Cut out a number of the advertisements from some old newspapers and magazines. Then cut each into four or five pieces of varying size and shape and jumble them into a heap in the centre of the table. The players stand round, and each takes up one piece of the papers. He or she must then endeavour to complete the advertisement from the cuttings on the table and the one completing the task first wins. The game is a simple one, and easily arranged, but it is one that provides much interest.

The Frog Race

This game is great fun. Take two pieces of cardboard, and draw on them the outline of two frogs, say, about eight inches by six, with hind legs stretched behind and fore legs stretched in front, and then with a pair of sharp scissors cut out the two forms, and you will have two frogs.

Bore a hole through the cardboard, about between the shoulders, and through this run a piece of string, five or six yards long, fasten one end of each to a table leg or piano leg, or chairs placed together by the wall. The players then take up the other ends of the strings with the froggies just in front, and the object is to get your froggie to the chair before your competitor succeeds in doing this. The secret is to raise and lower the string so as to bring about movement, but at the same time you must not let the frog's hind legs leave the floor—or you must start all over again.

An Amusing Trick

This is an amusing little trick to try on your friends. Placing an empty glass bottle on the table in front of you, take a small roll of paper, and insert it just inside the neck of the bottle. "Now see if you can blow that piece of paper into the bottle," you tell your friend, who will think that very easy. He will have a big surprise when he tries, for instead of the paper going into the bottle it will pop right out!

Your Hair needs Special Care



THE IMPORTANCE OF BRUSHING

The Beauty of Well-kept Hair

Even in these days, when regular visits to a hairdresser are part of the life of nearly every woman, it is still quite common to see untidy, unbecomingly dressed, lifeless-looking hair. Even the most naturally beautiful hair will soon lose its beauty if it is neglected. Hair must be thoroughly brushed every day; it must be kept scrupulously clean, properly shampooed and cut regularly. It is useless to spend an hour once a month having it treated by an expert and neglect it in between the visits to a hairdresser. If ten minutes is unfaithfully spent on caring for the hair every night, the results are surprising. The roughest hair, after this treatment, becomes glossy and smooth, and scanty locks gain in strength. Make up your mind to brush your hair at least a hundred times every night, and be sure to use a perfectly clean hair-brush.

The Hair and Health

The hair and health are closely connected. Everyone knows that after a long illness the hair grows thin—often it falls out very noticeably—and if one is “run down” the hair loses its gloss and vitality. Therefore, it is useless to expect beautiful hair if one is not well. Diet affects the hair, and food which purifies the blood, such as green vegetables and fresh fruit, and especially apples, oranges, lemons and grapefruit, also encourages a growth of vigorous hair. The hair, too, suffers if it is kept too closely confined under a hat for long periods at a time. Close, stuffy, smoke-laden atmosphere is bad for the hair, and sitting or standing directly under gas or electric light does not improve it. Give your hair all the sunshine and fresh air possible. In winter it is not possible to dry the hair out of doors after it has been washed, but always do so if you can when weather permits. Sometimes, however, even in winter, there are mild, sunny days when one could sit by an open window in one's bedroom with one's hair quite loose and let the sun shine upon it and the wind blow through it.

Treatment for Dry Hair

Many women complain that their hair is too dry. Constant waving and cutting of short hair, and the use of hot irons, tend to make the hair drier and more brittle. There is nothing better for dry hair than an olive oil massage. Pour a little olive oil in a saucer, warm it, dip the tips of the fingers in the oil and then massage the scalp all over. Do not rub the scalp, but move it about under the tips of the fingers until it feels looser. A too tight scalp results in falling hair and premature greyness. After the massage brush the hair thoroughly. If the hair is dry and brittle, do not wash it too often—once every three weeks is often enough unless the weather has been very foggy or dusty. Use a good, superfatted soap for making the shampoo and add a tablespoonful of white wine vinegar to the rinsing water. Always use rain-water, if it is obtainable, for washing the hair. When the hair, whether long or short, has been somewhat neglected, and it is very dry and lifeless, give it a hot oil bath. Warm some olive or almond oil, and dip a swab of cotton-wool in the oil, and rub the scalp all over with the saturated wool. Then massage the scalp for about ten minutes, and finally wrap the head in a hot towel. Change the towel as soon as it grows cold for a warmer one. Then shampoo the hair in the usual way.

When the Hair is Greasy

Greasy hair naturally demands different treatment. Instead of an olive oil massage every night, just massage it twice a week with the fingers dipped in bay rum. Rosemary is an excellent tonic for the hair, and very greasy hair may require the application of a spirit lotion. After shampooing greasy hair add a little borax to the rinsing water. Greasy hair should not be washed too often. If it becomes too difficult to arrange, sprinkle the head and hair with powdered orris root—after having arranged a bath towel over your shoulders and another on the floor—leave it for a time, then brush the hair until it is free from powder.

Character Reading from the Hands

THE would-be palmist must give some time to the study of the subject in order to be successful. Palmistry is divided into two sections—that which deals with the shape, texture, and formation of the hand, fingers, and nails, and that which is concerned with the lines and marks on the palms. When reading hands, all the facts with regard to both branches of palmistry have to be considered.



The Square Hand

In the square hand the palm is square and the fingers are square-tipped. It is quite an ordinary type of hand, and belongs to an honest person of strong principles and a lover of law and order.

In the spatula hand the palm is wide either at the base of the fingers or at the wrist. It is the hand of an inventor. The philosophic hand is long and thin, with large finger joints. People with this type of hand are thoughtful, studious, patient, and lovers of mystery. The conic hand belongs to one of a generous impulsive temperament. It tapers a little, and has slightly pointed fingers full at the base. The psychic hand is long and thin, with a tapering palm, and slim, pointed fingers. It belongs to the artist, and is rarely found in its pure type. It shows imagination.

The mixed type is the commonest of all. It is a mingling of all the types mentioned above, and belongs to the person who can do a little of most things and nothing very well.

When studying the hands, pay special attention to the thumb, for it is a sure guide to character. A weak, short thumb shows a weak nature; if it is close to the hand and bends inwards when relaxed, it also denotes dependence on others. A long, weak thumb betrays a cunning nature. A very thick, short thumb, standing out sharply from the hand, belongs to an uncontrolled, coarse person. An easily bent thumb is possessed by those who are

generous, impulsive, extravagant and affectionate. A very stiff thumb denotes obstinacy, practicability, and love of home and family.

The lines on the hands must be carefully studied.

The heart line runs right across the hand, from below the mount of Mercury to the mount of Jupiter. Strength and good colour show soundness of heart. A fork at the end under the mount of Jupiter indicates constancy in love. Crosses appearing on the line indicate disappointments in love.

When the health line is good, and the life line poor, it shows constitutional vigour. On the other hand, if the life line be good, and the health line weak, minor ailments are indicated.

The line of Apollo is concerned with the possession of fame and riches, but this depends also on the line of fate. If the Apollo line is strong and clear, and the fate line weak and wavering, richness, but unhappiness may result. If the line ends in the middle of your palm, it indicates a sudden loss of money.

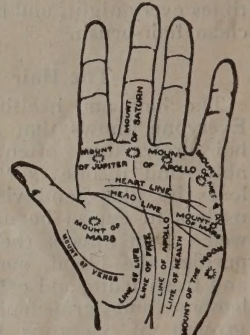
The line of life encloses the ball of the thumb, running from the base of the index finger to the wrist. If unbroken and of good colour, it foretells a long life, and freedom from dangerous illnesses; but if small lines cut into the main one, trifling complaints. If the line be broken in one hand only, a severe illness from which the sufferer will recover.

The head line, if clearly traced, shows high intelligence and common sense. When the line stops in the centre of the palm it betrays greed and cunning.

Roughly speaking, the first thirty-five years of life are covered by that portion of the line from the wrist to the head line, and thence to the heart line covers the next fifteen years. A straight, clear, and well-marked

line of fate indicates a long and peaceful life. Strongly-developed finger joints denote a love of reason and a good judgment; smooth joints, a lack of reasoning powers or a tendency to jump to conclusions.

Large hands are possessed by good workers, and small hands generally belong to ambitious persons who love governing others, but do not pay much attention to details. A hollow palm denotes disappointments and misfortune; a thick palm, laziness and love of luxury; a firm, elastic palm, optimism and good intellect.



A Chart of the Hand

In the Days of Long Ago

King Arthur's Round Table

OUT of the treasure house of English literature there is nothing more precious to hundreds of readers than the stirring romances of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Legends innumerable have been woven round the magic name of King Arthur, and we are apt to forget that he really existed, and that he actually was a wise and great king.

A tangible reminder of his existence is the famous Round Table, still to be seen in the Great Hall of Winchester Castle.

The Great Hall, completed A.D. 1235, was one of the fortresses built by William the Conqueror, and has been the scene of great and important events.

King Arthur's Round Table (which now rests on the West wall) had seats for the King and 24 Knights. Its diameter is 18 feet. The tradition of a round table was common to all Celtic nations; the earliest record of it is an order by the builder of the palace (about the time of Henry III.—1253). Below the table is a trough which ran through the wall and enabled the king from his private apartment to hear what was going on in Parliament.

"Expression" in Music

"To put a bit of expression into his playing" was about the last thing the musician of the times before the sixteenth century thought of, and even the singers generally sang with an even tone. Choirs had conductors, but the work of such conductors was simply to hold the choirs together so that there should be no confusion and to stir up the sleepy members with a long stick so that each should do his part. It was the invention of opera that brought personal expression into music.

Queen Elizabeth, Musician

"After dinner my lord of Hunsden drew me up to a long, quiet gallery that I might hear the Queen (Elizabeth) play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took up the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and, seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play

excellently well, but she left off immediately she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked me how I came there. I answered that as I was walking with my Lord Hunsden we passed by the chamber door, and I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how—excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the Court of France, where such freedom is allowed. Then she sat down low upon a cushion

and I upon my knees by her. She inquired whether my queen (Mary Queen of Scots) played well. I said: 'Reasonably, for a Queen.'—(Memoirs of Sir James Melvil.)

Candlemas Customs

Until comparatively modern times some curious old customs were celebrated at Candlemas in Scotland. Boys and girls went to school with little money presents for their master, who sat at his desk ready to accept them. Sixpence or one shilling was the usual offering; but some children of rich parents rose to half a crown or even a crown. The boy and girl who each brought the biggest sums were named King and Queen respectively.



Photo: C. Brittain, West Hartlepool.

King Arthur's Round Table

Wit and Humour

The Cap Didn't Fit!

Father: "Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?"

Johnny: "I don't know."

"Judging by your school report, you should know. When all the other children are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is it that sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

"Teacher," said Johnny instantly.

Helping Father

"Who helped you with your arithmetic, Jack?" asked Jack's teacher, noticing that his exercise was better done than usual.

"Father did, miss," was the reply.

"Did he do all of it?"

"No, miss," said Jack. "I helped him a little."

No Chance

The enthusiastic young man entered the offices of the first big firm he found. "What sort of a chance is there," he asked, "for a young fellow, beginning at the bottom, to work his way up?"

"Not much chance," said the manager. "We're contractors for digging wells."

Why She Changed Her Mind

Dramatic Author: "I have a new play which I should like you to 'examine.'"

Great Actress: "I am so overworked that it would be impossible for me to—"

"The scene is laid in Europe—"

"Don't want it."

"At a most picturesque era of mediæval times—"

"I have plays enough."

"It is in five acts—"

"Keep it in your pocket."

"Fifteen scenes—"

"Won't have it."

"And calls for ninety-five changes of costumes."

"I'll take it."

Leaving Nothing Behind

"Are you sure I've left nothing behind?" asked the old lady, popping her head from the train window.

"Not even a penny, ma'am," said the porter.

A Suggested Improvement

He: "Can you suggest any way in which I might improve my new novel?"

She: "You might put the last chapter first."

He: "But all the characters die in the last chapter."

She: "Yes, I know."

Overgolf

"What's the result of the examination, Doctor?"

"You're run down. My advice is that you give up golf a while and take a good long rest at the office."

Quite Impossible!

The road hog was summoned before the magistrate. "Did you not see the notice which said, 'Ten miles an hour limit'?" he was asked.

"No, sir," was the reply. "How do you expect me to read it when travelling at 60 miles an hour?"

Sorry He Sold It!

The visitor had arrived rather before his time, and only little Bobby was in the room. "What lovely furniture your mother has in this room," he remarked, admiringly.

"It is nice, isn't it?" agreed Bobby, proudly. "But I think the man we bought it from must be quite sorry he sold it; he's always calling."

Only Tuning Up

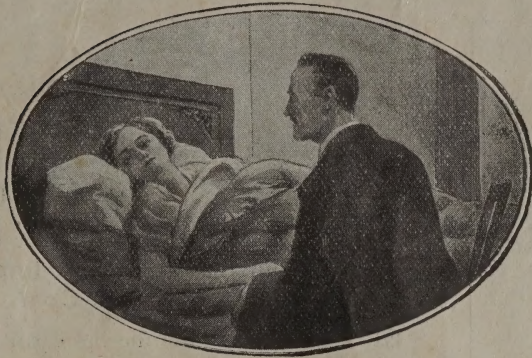
A performer on the pipes was entertaining a theatre queue. Afterwards he went round with his collecting-bag. Peter, who had listened in amazement to the music, turned to his mother and inquired: "Mummy, why does that man come round for money when he's only been tuning up?"



Girl (returning from whist drive with escort): "Auntie, I've captured the booby!"

Auntie: "Come here, dears, and let me kiss you both."

Talks on HEALTH



By a
Family
DOCTOR

Get Down Your Fat

IF you are too fat you go to your doctor, and he says you must not eat so many potatoes, you must knock off some of your butter and fat bacon. You fall in with the advice and tell your wife that you will not eat potatoes, butter or fat. But you do not always play fair; you knock off the specified articles and eat a lot more of others, so the net result is that you are eating a little bit more than when you started your so-called dieting. You say, "the doctor told me that cheese would do me no harm," and you proceed to gobble up an enormous chunk of cheese. Your best way to reduce flesh is to eat one-half of what you are eating now; never mind what you eat, just cut it in half. You were eating too much before. Have enough strength of mind to halve your beer and halve your beef. And double the amount of exercise you take; sweat some of the fat off you by taking a smart walk with a warm sweater on.

Seek Early Advice

Our attitude towards the tumours that are classified as dangerous is altering. The old attitude was one of despair, the new one breathes more hope. In my bright dictionary there is no such word as Despair. A man or a woman with a certain kind of tumour is in a serious position, but not a hopeless one. We preach with increasing vehemence the urgent need for an early diagnosis, i.e., we want to know what is the matter with you very early on. Do not come to the doctor with the story that you noticed a lump in your breast or elsewhere ten months ago and thought you would try Professor Flapdoodle's Remedial Ointment before going to a doctor. Consider how fast many familiar objects grow. The vegetable marrow that wins first prize for size was a tiny flower only a few weeks ago. The towering hollyhock and the stately sunflower were only seeds yesterday or a little before that. And these living things are made of cells or little living bricks, piled one on the top of the other, if you could only see them under the microscope. It is the same with tumours.

Dangerous Beginnings

Tumours begin as tiny objects no larger than a mustard seed. We could easily tackle them at that early stage. It may be too late in three months or so. I try to be very sympathetic; I have a kind heart under a crabbed exterior. I know you hate to face a cruel truth; it is more human to avoid the issue and to try to forget the tumour in the hope that it will disappear of its own accord. In the long run, however, it is better to face the difficulty early; to choose a nice-looking doctor and walk boldly into his room and say: "Look here, doctor, I have got a lump, and I want to know whether it is going to kill me in a year, or whether it is merely a lump of fat that I can afford to laugh at." You cannot judge, but the man of medicine can judge for you, because he has seen scores of tumours in living people, on the operating table, in glass bottles in museums; it is his job to know about tumours, and you must trust him. It cannot be denied that the medical profession is in a position to save an enormous amount of suffering if only the public could be persuaded to work in harmony with the doctors in fighting disease.

Mission of Confidence

It is that awful feeling of despair which I cannot allow and which I am out to fight. For all you know, while you are sitting unhappily in your chair at home, yours may be a suitable case for treatment by X-rays or by excision, or by removing with the electric knife. At any rate, your part in the operation is easy; you go to sleep and the surgeon does the rest. You can have no idea until you have studied the question what a lot of kinds of tumours there are; Lumps of fat, lumps of bone, lumps of fibrous tissue, solid tumours, hollow tumours, tumours full of fluid, inflammatory tumours, cold abscesses, and what not. Tumours are serious, and no doctor would be so foolish as to laugh at you for asking advice about a lump in any part of your body; serious, yes, but not hopeless, and you must seek advice early.



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For maintaining a Perfect Condition of Health.
Removing Listlessness, Improving the Appetite,
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DIRECTIONS—Lift the lips apart and drop the Powder into the side of the face. For Dogs difficult to handle, mix the Powder in a little tasty food.

For Medium Size Dogs, that is from 20lbs. to 30lbs. in weight, give 1 Powder once or twice a week.

Large Dogs may have 2 Powders.

Small Dogs from a $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ a Powder.

Puppies according to breed and size, from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ a Powder.

In sickness give same doses as above daily until health is restored.

Price 1/- per Box.



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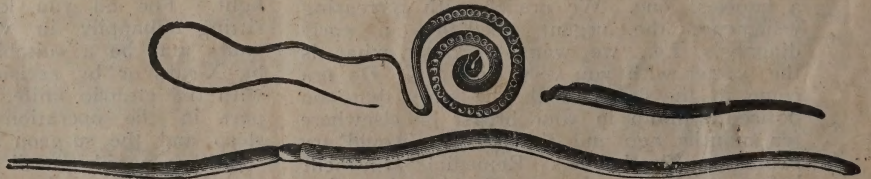
Tasteless Cooling Powders For CATS.

Owing to the faculty for using their claws as well as their teeth it is a very difficult matter to administer medicine of any description to cats, but being absolutely tasteless these Powders can easily be given in a little milk or food. If your Pet is out of sorts these wonderful powders should be given a trial,

an astonishing improvement in health will quickly be manifest, skin irritation will disappear, the animal will brighten up, and altogether marked signs of better condition will soon be apparent.

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create endless difficulties, setting up fits, diarrhoea, skin troubles, itchiness, hysteria, and by weakening the animals resistance render it liable to contract deadly distemper and other maladies.

Puppies and Kittens should be given **Nema Worm Capsules**, these contain pure TETRA-CHLOR-ETHYLENE the most effective vermifuge known, sold in various strengths for large and small breeds at—

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